one

The Homosexual Magazine

..are "normals" abnormally interested in sex?

NOVEMBER 1953

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

An Invitation to You

At the time of the first discussions about publishing a magazine to deal fairly and honestly with homosexuality, the predictions were that the venture would fail. Friends told us that few would dare to subscribe or receive such a publication. Then they said that public interest would be negligible, and as a final blow, added that "they" (some unnamed opposition) would never permit it to be printed or sold: we would all end up in jail.

Despite these warnings, in January 1953, we proudly issued 1000 copies of ONE. The going has been rough at times, but that has not stopped us. Almost a year has passed. Today our circulation goes to all parts of this country, into Europe, Asia and Africa.

ONE is rapidly outgrowing the "little magazine" stage. Boxes and cartons are squeezing us out of our homes. Daytime jobs are interfering unreasonbly with what has now become our main interest. Office space and equipment are needed, a telephone, full-time employees to do all of this work ONE'S public is piling in upon us. When we started, we had neither capital nor experience. We still do not have the capital and have found no financial institution ready yet to back us.

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". . . a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one." Carlyle

Volume One Number Eleven

November 1953

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The Terrible Monomania

Our biggest national problem concerning sex belongs exclusively to the majority that calls itself normal. They assume, in both cinema and church, saloon, school and home, that *sexual attraction is the foundation of all but a few human relationships.* Sounds absurd but even a cursory investigation will provide abundant evidence. For instance, it is unheard of for an unmarried woman and man to live together without exciting some or much gossip about their libidos. Even a frigid librarian would exclaim in rebuttal, "Why *else* live together!" Such a question is touching in its childlike faith that nastiness makes the world go round. Even an old guardian living with a girl child is in for something like, "There's something very odd going on in *that* house, I'll wager," and the young man living with his mother gets, "I've often wondered just *why* he never got married, if you see what I mean."

There are exceptions, of course, but very, very few. Put a male and female together in a house (without legal or religious sanction of their sexual activities) and you'll have spontaneous biological conjecture by everyone in the county. Even man and wife do not escape the sex treatment. Everyone is oddly positive that they have sex ("They're married, aren't they?") so the chatter moves on to the *kind* of sex they must have.

We have even gone so far as to divide our species into categories that indicate not only what we do in bed but what we *might* but *don't* necessarily. And these all-important categories concern an activity which occupies only a fraction of the time of a normal, healthy human animal: they are, of course, "heterosexual" and "homosexual." We are positive—without actually convincing evidence — that sex rules over all. And we, as a society, are so positive that sex between everybody is inevitable that we have set up history's most complicated and contradictory rules, laws, etiquettes and even thinking on the subject.

Now when you get right down to it, this is a very smutty state of affairs. To repeat an old chestnut, only a sex-starved nation would be so occupied with the function. Naked girls on billboards do not stimulate a "healthy, normal, natural" reaction. A man who whistles at every woman he sees on a calendar, should either see a doctor or find out if there isn't a rabbit somewhere on his family tree. It is also outrageously trite to point out that there are literally hundreds of thousands of lasting, firm and productive relationships in which neither party has ever thought of having sex or tortured nightmares with naughty symbols rampant.

Yet in spite of being aware of such a bearded truism, the average neighbor looks on two women or two men living together, and spontaneously combusts into lewd guesses. They behold two men in an orgy of housecleaning or laundry and leap to lurid conclusions *of their own invention.* This is the whole point: homosexuals are not condemned for what they are *seen* doing but what their audiences *imagine* them doing. Homosexuals generally behave much better than heterosexuals. They do not publicly make physical love such as you can see by heteros any hour of day or night in the most incongruous places. The homo conducts himself with weary care – especially if he wants to go on living in that neighborhood and who wants to move all the time? The average homo has many mental samplers on the wall that read, *"Are The Shades Down, Stupid?"* and *"Did You HAVE To Say That So Loudly?"* and *"Never, Never, Never Have An Affectionate Impulse!"* There are dozens more because he has to behave himself like a puritan eunuch *to survive.*

So it's not what the neighbors see. It's what they imagine and they have violently active imaginations. Having been taught from earliest childhood that all who live together love together, they're outraged at what simply *must* go on behind those closed doors, drawn shades and in the pitch dark of that unnatural house! They see little or no sexual intercourse between homosexuals during their lives (unless keyholing or participating "just this once") yet they *know* those two school teachers are Lesbians and no one's going to tell them different! Ask them how the tailored suit of one hurts the neighborhood or how a boyish haircut affects the gardens of the community and you'll get squinted at. Maybe you'll get shouted at: "Do you mean to stand there and say it doesn't *matter* if those two unnatural women have sex together?" If you're foolish, you'll shout back, "But how do you *know!* Have you *seen* them?" The answering scream will end the whole scientific discussion: "Naturally not! I'm not a Peeping Tom but I KNOW because one wears a tailored suit and just look at the other one's haircut!" At this point you know you were licked before you started. A fool with no evidence whatsoever has come to the correct conclusion and you can only stand there looking dyspeptic.

The average person is absolutely convinced that homosexuality is contagious. They superstitiously fear some of it rubbing off on their children and their weak-minded mates. What the actual mechanics of homosexual intercourse are, comprises a terrible mystery to them. If they knew, they'd be upset at how quickly the shock wore off and they'd adjust to it with little effort generally. A helping factor would be the discomforting realization that much of what these perverts do is identical to what many, many heteros enjoy habitually, and that many of the other variations are pathetic substitutions. Were they to study a few clear diagrams, those unknown horrors that go on next door would become pretty dull stuff.

This would leave the die-hards with their bitter-endish last stand which runs something like: "But sex without either pregnancy or the danger of pregnancy in the offing isn't natural!" Some of them could be answered with statistics on the sale of contraceptives (a gigantic business) and a brief description of what the world would be like if nature changed and there was offspring with each of these normal intercourses. Also, if procreation sanctifies sex then there are more abnormal and unnatural heteros than homos because *they can conceive and don't more often than not!* This is real sinning.

Naturally this idea of perversion is a religious one and will not be whisked away this week or next no matter how deft our reasoning. What can be done about our cultural fixation that sex shouldn't be fun, is a large question. The fact that this conviction has made us childishly dirty-minded as a nation and perhaps more neurotic than any other country in the world, apparently carries no weight with our majority. It seems that we different ones can only educate and wait, protest and behave as best we can. And perhaps one day the homo sons of our hetero friends will enjoy an unlabeled life devoted to productive work rather than furtive sex.

Dorothy Walker

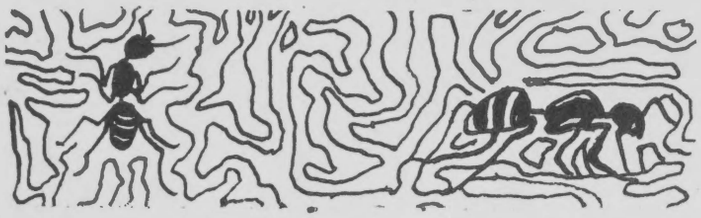
Evolution's Next Step

"The cruellest joke ever played on man by Nature," said G.B.S. As usual, that dear old defensive sentimentalist was being far more emotional than accurate. But it may well be the greatest challenge that Natural Selection has ever offered that stock which is the supreme creature precisely because this one stock has refused to become a species, refused to become defined in one type and confined to one function.

What, then, is this challenge? It is the offer to become the contemporary answer to man's present most acute need, the reply to his greatest danger, the psychophysical compliment and balance to the otherwise utterly overbalanced development of his economophysical, inventiveness, out-put and elaboration. The invitation that Nature is now offering homo sapiens, the invention that she has devised to save him from the results of his disbalanced activity through his forebrain (his hypertrophied power over his environment without an equal power over his inner emotional drives) is to make him the key to a lock, the switch to a dynamo that she has long had in mind.

For the problem of homo sapiens is precisely this: — that he has made a social structure, and with it inventions of expansion and explosion, of elaboration and coercion, that has gone utterly beyond that which has ever been constructed by any mammal. None of his fellow mammals raise crops, build cities, have specialized professions, let alone by their malignant skill threaten wholly to exterminate not merely other species but their own. However, in respect of those activities which make for survival (and in which man surpasses his fellow mammals, and indeed is in a position of unquestioned supremacy over all quadrupeds and bipeds, all beasts, birds and fishes) man has been equalled, and in some important respects, surpassed, by other forms of life, forms which are so utterly different from us that they have neither blood nor do they draw breath as we have and do. That great division of life is of course that of the insects. Three great, and completely distinct divisions of this strange aspect of living forms, — the termites, the ants and the bees — have all gone ahead of us. True, they have not fire. They do not need its dangerous aid. For they have devised warmth-control of their cities. But, tho behind us in some of the gadgets and gear of our elaborate and top heavy economy (elaborations that do not seem needed by their more poised way of life) they are ahead of us in the essential requirements of social living. Civilisation is not raised — but often lowered—by big Business. Culture is an achievement of conduct not a resultant of accumulation. It depends on advanced ends far more than on vast means. And what we call our scientific defences are certainly today our greatest peril. Our civilisation has so often been a scandal, and was never a less insurable risk than it is today, precisely because our behaviour (which should, in a city civilisation, be that

of an urbane man and a polite person) cannot be depended on. In our social nature we remain like the half-domesticated 'huskies,' the semi-wild sledge-dogs of the Eskimo, ready, should their human leader fall, to rush upon him and devour him. In this vital respect, in this the hall-mark of civility — the power to keep the peace and to respect the law, the social insects are incomparably



our superiors. The challenge that confronts us today (and to which if we fail to give the creative answer, then all our gear and power-plant only heaps fuel for our own self-willed immolation and holocaust) is, we know, precisely this: — Can we achieve a conscience, a conduct and a control that can equal and balance our almost insane ingenuity? Can we learn to create a loyalty that can bind us together so that we may have the social tensile strength to contain and aim, hold and direct the physical forces which we have now released and which now being at large will undoubtedly, if we do not control them, destroy us? The problem (and it was clearly recognised as fas back as Aristotle) is how to extend natural liking and companionship out of which raw material can be wrought loyalty and devotion. How are we to take natural, spontaneous, 'wild' loyalty, the raw ore, the native plant and refine it, cultivate it, so that we may obtain such an increase of this natural tensile strength, this 'elastic binding,' that through it we may be able to embrace and combine these vast increases and diffusions of population made possible by our vast production, our physical hygiene increase, and which like a swollen river have burst the banks of the native moral laws, their traditional mores and the use and wont of their former ways of living? The unit of natural loyalty is the family — and perhaps a small pack of 'cousins,' in a gregarious stock. The field of spontaneous liking arises within the group in which we have been reared, with whom we meet daily, market and mess with. Compel us, by pressure of business or politics to meet with people of different accents, manners, carriage and costume, tell us we must be loyal to officials and politicians we may never have seen and who when we do see them treat us as aliens, people we never saunter with, play with, chant with, and (do what we will) we cannot feel that they are in any way kin. Our very loyalty to our own group, which tied us in with it and drew us on to that first step, out from our private selves, now drags us back from this carping, coercive, artificial demand made on us. This was proved spectacularly in the vast history of China. No people has ever achieved such social capacity of tensile strength, so that by their pattern of culture they were able to hold together for millenia, hordes of peoples and contain and transform time and again new deluges of barbarians, organising this civilisation so recruited over vast districts by givng them a social behaviour style of which the new comers were as proud as the old inventors and which rendered these amalgams of races and tribes the competent sustainers and developers of the most sophisticated of civilisations. This huge success was however never complete and ended in

collapse, because the raw, restrictive, contractive pull of the family proved, again and again, too much for the intellectual loyalty which the great official, the mandarin, left for the civilisation that he served and expressed. Further, we must remember, as Dr. Linton the anthropologist has pointed out, that where as the Chinese family pattern was one that in itself was large and elaborate, embracing often hundreds of persons — and so might have been thought of as a step toward that loyalty which would embrace all civilised men — the family pattern of ourselves — western man — is so rudimentary — our power of growing 'wild' loyalty is itself so low, that our rude and crude family pattern can only be matched by some Eskimo tribes, and by that of the anthropoid apes. No wonder our families themselves are always fissuring and the children of such 'unions' are so often in need of psychiatric aid and assistance to help them endure their parents and their sibs.

Naturally, therefore, this problem, 'Must the family man, because of his rudimentary natural loyalty always be a danger to full social cohesion?' has been in the minds of all the great inventors of successful social patterns. They all tried to restrict the family tie (by the men having their clubs, lodges, cells or fraternities to which neither women nor children are admitted) and later, with the rise of specific celebacy, by the elite being made to deny and abandon the home completely. Denial, however, is not enough. Indeed it seems all too likely that such repression as is required to sustain complete inhibition of psycho-physical release causes or provokes unconscious resentments which may result in such shocking cruelties as were practised as part of the regular procedure of the Inquisition, as well as the health-damaging mortifications and the psychosomatic morbidities resulting from presistent meditation on vengeful and tormenting ideas. And whatever may be the ill-results of such methods on the individual and on his society, we know that what the world requires today is a positive method, that is the power to create a psychophysical type which can find in the service of the community, and of humanity at large and with their fellow servants that balanced euphoria and humorous peace of mind which the members of a family that is rightly functioning, do find with one another. Without this there can be no future for a civilisation such as ours. It will otherwise oscillate between anarchy and despotism until it exhausts all resilience, all the will-to-consent and it disintegrates deserted by its constituents. The three great insect civilisations have been able to go forward precisely because, parallel with their increasing power over their environment, they have made equal advances in power over themselves. Beside building up a city, that utterly transcended in plan and purpose the rude husk-home which was all that the family required or could assemble, they simultaneously built up the corresponding psychophysical types needed to key-in with, inform and manipulate, control and aim this new economic structure, a structure so manifold that it needed these living switches and gears to bring it into play. Further, we now know from von Frisch's work, that with the bees (and probably with the ants and termites, for in many respects they are ahead of the bees) 'instinct' is not blind, for it does not prevent reason and argument. Instinct,

then, in such cases is social conscience functioning as frictionlessly and perfectly as mother-love functions toward the child. It is not — save in the solitary insects — a total unconsciousness of the foremind and the selective intelligence, a blind recollection of a race memory that only senses a past experience and repeats that pattern like a sleep-walker in the present whether the behaviour be adequate or disastrous. It is not unawareness of the process, purpose or meaning. It is not the conduct of a creature in trance. It is, on the contrary, the conduct of a fully-awake person, so informed as to the end and so convinced of its worth that the will is as totally mobilised and focussed as is the intelligence.

The following question therefore arises and its answer, in the light of the knowledge referred to above, contains the reply to our present challenge: For (i) if our society is in acute danger of disruption because it has now achieved a size and a complexity that hopelessly outreaches and outrages family loyalty (and so our society lacks cohesive loyalty and our families struggle to challenge and resist the state's claim to the loyalty it itself cannot generate) if, as Professor Lasswell has argued copiously, the power-type which makes the dictator and the demagogue is himself driven by this revenge impulse to assuage his subconscious pain because even the family — in the crude form we know it and in its present disintegration — cannot give him the love he needs and turns him out, embittered to project his hatred on society; and if the social insects did answer their challenge to social evolution by producing the worker types whose loyalty is to the whole group and its (and their) fellow workers; then our society must produce such psychophysical loyalty and through such workers. And (ii) this is precisely what nature (or the demiurge that controls life or the 'genius' of the specific genus) appears to be doing. We are today producing, as the social workers insects seem to have begun to do millions of years ago — this worker type.

Further, these are being produced, as the social worker insects are produced, by intergradation, by 'links' or hyphens or 'arch-springers' thrown up from and across from the two extremes of the primitive stock, the wholly specialized male and female. The complete male and female are the highly divergent poles between which the rudimentary social form of the familial pattern is precipitated. Yet both the male — with the retention of the mammary marks — and the vestigial womb — and the females with the cliteroal-penic vestige — both show the generalised form that was present before the acute form of sexuality appeared and perhaps before sex as we know it functioned as the one method of reproduction. What is clear (iii) is that as long as we refuse to cultivate these creative contributions, these essential mutations that arise in our society as answers to its acute need and our nature's gift toward the one possible solution of the social problem (the need for cohesion) in a multifunctioning society, so long our societies can only continue as they have done with a monotonous horror to capsize and explode, to convulse and to decay. So long as we are so wilfully blind as to persecute bitterly these types sent to our aid, at best we drive them

into subterfugitive triviality and futility; at worst (and this is often with the best who cannot endure deceit and frustration) to defiance or to despair, to desperate revolt or madness or suicide. Hence our prisons and hospitals carry a load of unique and essential value, key parts for our broken down social machine. And we treat these key parts with a fatal contempt or a fanatic's ignorant loathing, worse than that of a savage toward an ore, an essence or an instrument, capable of giving him health and wealth, capable of saving his tribe from collapse and ruin, but which he is too stubbornly, too superstitiously prejudiced and cravenly cruel to attempt to understand.

D. B. Vest

Now weeps the comedian sun
Dismayed by your gypsy smile,
  And chameleon skies
  Turn grey.

Too, sobs the clowning stars
Sorrowed by your roving kiss,
  And sparkling nights
  No more.

And tears from the puppet clouds
Complain of your wandering eyes,
  And chill their drops
  To snow.

So cries my laughing heart
A sad despondent thing,
  As all my world
  Collapses.

—Curt Opliger

The officers of the Mattachine Society have conferred upon ONE magazine an honorary membership award for its fine contributions to the aims and purposes for which the Mattachine Society was formed. "We hold your magazine in high esteem for its fine publication, its courageous articles and frank expression on one of the most controversial subjects today." The award will be presented at the General Convention banquet, 15 November 1953 in Los Angeles.

THE CASE OF THE WELL-MEANING LYNCHER

George W. Henry Foundation, Fifth Annual Report, April 1, 1953, New York, N. Y.

The Henry Foundation offers its services to, "people in need either of psychiatric treatment, counselling or help," and specifically to homosexuals. A membership of "Socially minded physicians and clergymen and lawyers," is indicated in this present year's report, "its second as a chartered corporation."

It states that "during the year the Foundation dealt with 291 new cases" referred to it by the courts, by clergymen and others. A few brief case histories are given, and a summary made of the results obtained through the contact. It frankly admits "the fact is that cure is possible—in the sense of complete abstinence from homosexual relations—in an infinitesimal number of cases." That "the well-adjusted homosexual is not apt to seek the counsel of a clergyman or psychiatrist," is one of the statements made whose scientific implications seem not to have been suspected by Dr. Henry.

In one highly significant passage he writes, "In previous reports, I have spoken of attempts of homosexuals to band themselves together in mutual protective leagues. Men interested in promoting such enterprises have come to us for counsel and possible support. It has been my consistent policy to refuse to countenance such societies, and I have pointed out the dangers lying in wait for those who operate them."

To adjudge one of such highly humanitarian motives as Dr. Henry as both grossly ignorant and scientifically amateur may be thought to be unkind. Yet, his own astonishing statements leave the thoughtful reader no other alternative.

For instance, the passage quoted above would surely indicate on Dr. Henry's part a most sketchy knowledge of what might be termed the comparative anatomy and morphology of organizations in general. He goes into no details about "such societies" as may have come under his observation. In addition, he gives no indication that he has in any way evaluated the possible influences upon their success or failure of current social and legal pressures, of the effect of limited precedents, or other considerations highly pertinent. Furthermore, does he suppose that none of his readers is aware of the existence for years of well-conducted and orderly homosexual organizations in many European countries and within the Mattachine Movement in United States?

"Lacking effective control, such groups inevitably deteriorate into places of assignation," he continues. At this point the informed reader cannot suppress a smile. Surely Dr. Henry should have gleaned from his case experiences at least a slight suspicion that modern society affords countless and convenient "places of assignation," for homosexuals, if they seek such, places far more attractive for such purposes than a moralistic league could ever hope to be.

Ignorance of this type might well be excused, coming from a busy scientist, out of touch perhaps with the social trends of the

day, but ignorance within the very field of specialization one professes to be serving cannot be so easily dismissed. How, for instance, can one regard Dr. Henry's quite unsupported assumption that a group of homosexuals must perforce be dangerous both to themselves and to society? Or his statement that, "As a general policy . . . it seems wise to force homosexuals into a world peopled by others than the group itself"? Why? What classes of "others" would Dr. Henry prescribe, under what conditions of control? And what end result does he thereby postulate?

One waits with considerable interest a documentation of Dr. Henry's sweeping imputation of, "the lack of discipline and self-discipline." Does this include all homosexuals, or just males? Perhaps reference is made to homosexuals coming under the Foundation's observation in New York City. But, alas, must we not then be told something of their ages, their social, financial and educational status?

Frankly, the homosexual public demands that the Foundation, and all others, exhibit at least some vestigial traces of scientific method, else they must be classed as mere busy bunglers, assiduously deepening public confusion and misunderstanding of one of the great social issues of the day.

The time has long since passed when speculation, folk-lore and old wive's tales will suffice. Nor does the homosexual public today grasp with tear-filled eye just any outstretched hand. The same rigorous intellectual integrity, the same objective approach is mandatory in the study of homosexuality as with other questions, and the findings will be subjected to the same severely merciless scrutiny. A decent respect for human dignity alone forbids any other attitude.

Failure to comply with this rule can have but one result today: The dire penalty of being laughed out of court by the healthy, fearless laughter of an emancipated, free-thinking homosexual public.

W. L.

NEWS

Dishonor Before Death, Son!

Not long ago the Department of Justice allowed one of its officials to state that it was "unbelievable what some young men do to avoid the draft". He said that alarmingly large numbers of young potential fighters even go so far as to let themselves be classified as "morally unfit" for military service. Some brazenly claim that they are sex deviates and, if that's not sufficient, get themselves involved with the police to prove it. This idea of moral unfitness seems whimsical in view of the fact that the Army recently inaugurated a "buddy" system so similar to the ancient Greek pattern that some of us conservative old soldiers have no choice but to shudder.

The Less Inscrutable Orient

Just about the time the intimate secrets of the local female were being rudely inveiled by our favorite Indiana iconoclast, the Far East was getting a similar jolt. Dr. Tets

Takahashi, president of the Japan Psychoanalytical Society, has recently published a book dealing with the sexual experience of 1000 Japanese males and shock has been recorded as far north as the Kuriles. Among other things, the Doctor reported a "tremendous" increase in homosexual incidence among males. He also noted that the Orient was far ahead of both Kinsey and Freud as far as sexual research goes. In the year 984 A.D. Emperor Enyu ordered the official publication of a classic Chinese book on sex "for the sake of popular enlightenment".

The Not Deep Enough South

In September New Orleans was diverted by a lively hassel which produced the season's most intriguing statement by a minister. When assisting the French Quarter Property Owners Association to get a bar's license revoked, this cleric declared that Cy's Starlet Lounge was a "congregating point of homosexuals of every age imaginable". Now perhaps the North stimulates a person's imagination more than it should but there are several people right here within whispering distance who could imagine **several** ages not represented in the Starlet Lounge. It might be suggested that if the minister saw anyone in there over seventy or eighty, he stayed too long behind that tumbler (glass).

Naturally there was more to the controversy than the pulpiteer reaffirming the ancient religious prejudices against "perverts". A 17 year old boy was sent in on a mission to get served an under-age drink; he got it and so did the owner. Is there a term comparable to entrapment that this decoy trick comes under? Another interesting detail is the fact that the above named asso-

Con't on page 14

ONE is sending this letter to as many contemporary writers as its budget permits. The accompanying list is a sample of those already mailed. As a result, one internationally known author has submitted a manuscript which is printed in this issue. Known to millions of readers, he joins the most distinguished of ONE's contributors. The perspicacious reader will guess his identity immediately—as well as the identities of others yet to be published.

Franklin P. Adams
Zoe Akins
Maxwell Anderson
Sholem Asch
Guiseppe Berto
Kay Boyle
Louis Bromfield
John Mason Brown
James Branch Cabell
James M. Cain
Truman Capote
Winston Churchill
Walter Van Tilburg Clark
Jean Cocteau
Colette
Noel Coward
e. e. cummings
Salvador Dali
J. Frank Dobie
John Dos Passos
T. S. Eliot
Clifton Fadiman
James M. Farrell
William Faulkner
Edna Ferber
Robert Frost
Christopher Fry
Paul Gallico
Rosamond Lehmann
Lin Yutang
Walter L. Lippman
Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Joshua Logan
Archibald MacLeish
Norman Mailer
Thomas Mann
W. Somerset Maugham
Carson McCullers
Margaret Mead
H. L. Mencken
James Michener
Arthur Miller
Ashley Montagu
George Jean Nathan
Sean O'Casey
Liam O'Flaherty
Eugene O'Neill
Pierre van Paassen
Dorothy Parker
Alan Paton
Dr. Norman V. Peale
Eleanor Roosevelt
Carl Sandburg
William Saroyan
Jean Paul Sartre
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
Robert Sherwood
Edith Sitwell
Stephen Spender
G. B. Stern
John Steinbeck
James Thurber
Mark Van Dorn
John Van Druten
Jerome Weidman
Thornton Wilder
William Carlos Williams
Tennessee Williams
Richard Wright
Philip Wylie
Evelyn Waugh
Walcott Gibbs
Edith Hamilton
Dashiell Hammett
Lillian Hellman
Ernest Hemingway
John Hersey
Gilbert Highet
Fannie Hurst
Aldous Huxley
Christopher Isherwood
Robinson Jeffers
James Joyce
MacKinlay Kantor
Sidney Kingsley
Arthur Koestler

Dear **Ben Jonson**,

This letter is addressed to you solely because of your attainments in the field of letters. Similar copies are being sent to hundreds of other writers, some of whom are listed at the left of this page. Your work and no other consideration prompted us to select your name.

ONE is a new magazine which concerns itself with the many aspects of homosexuality. Its purposes are to inform the heterosexual majority about deviation, the homosexuals about themselves and to criticize as well as attempt to bridge a gap. From the issue enclosed you will note that ONE publishes research, poetry, fiction, humor and criticism—in fact, anything on the subject that is stimulating and acceptable. It aims to be read in every home.

ONE is one of the first publications in the English language to offer space to the literature of deviation. However this honor is not without its drawbacks. The Editorial Board is quite aware that few writers, known or unknown, wish their names to be seen in such a publication at this time. The fact that our circulation has increased over one hundred percent with each of the last four issues does not ease the writer's fear of being publicly associated with it. A second drawback is the fact that we are a non-profit corporation and unable to pay our contributors at present. As a consequence it is difficult to obtain the quality of content we desire.

We write you with the hope that you might have at one time written or thought of a story, essay or poem which would be suitable to our publication. If you have and found no market for it, we would be more than glad to have it submitted to us. May we note again that our pages are also open to criticism. Naturally we would not use your name without permission. In fact, due to your position, we suggest you submit an MS under a pen name. Knowing that the quality of your work—signed or not—would immediately be appreciated by our readers, we ask that you seriously consider this suggestion.

Sincerely,

Dale Jennings

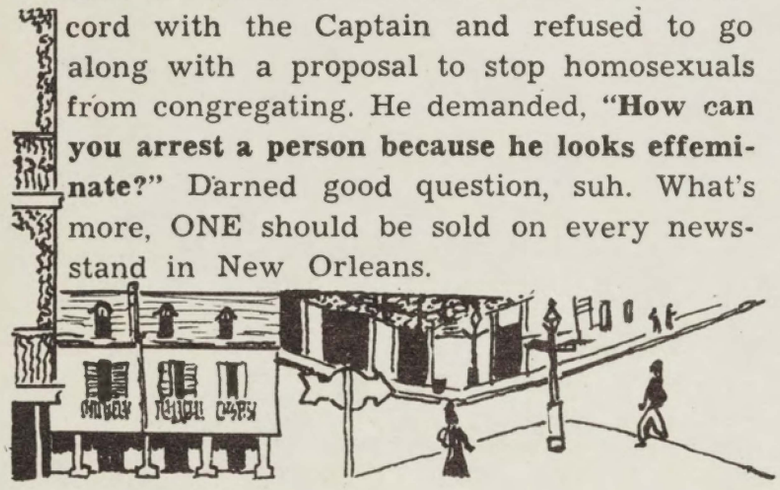
Dale Jennings
Editor

Con't from page 12

ciation took it upon itself to direct the owner to discharge a male bartender known as Louise "who looks like a woman". A terrible accusation; perhaps they should have demanded his life as well as his job.

Then up steps Captain Thomas Kelly, commanding officer of the 1st District Station, and the whole affair took on a new tone that should interest homosexuals the world over. This gentleman stated that, "It is mostly the normal people coming into these places who make the trouble". Not content with that he put himself on record as saying it was desirable for homosexuals to band together if they so chose. He insisted he was not going to commit an illegal act by arresting a homosexual merely because he was a homosexual. Other officers testified that the bar was an orderly establishment and "had helped police in important arrests". Whatever that means and it probably does. Another item in the Times Picayune states that of the 20 arrests made in the lounge since Jan. 1st, the owner called the police in "on most of them".

These gentlemen were joined by no less than Assistant Chief Durel who was in accord with the Captain and refused to go along with a proposal to stop homosexuals from congregating. He demanded, **"How can you arrest a person because he looks effeminate?"** Darned good question, suh. What's more, ONE should be sold on every newsstand in New Orleans.



one hears . . .

the loudest silence this side of the grave regarding Los Angeles' latest corruption carnival. The Mirror had as its prize columnists Florabel Muir and Paul Coates — as well as a yen to clean the town up both spic and span. This yen recently gave rise to a big "exposé" of the State Board of Equalization and its "irregular" practices in dispensing liquor licenses. In the midst of the series, it leaked out that Florabel and her husband reportedly got two licenses from high persons on the liquor board. They are supposed to have paid 500 apiece and sold them for 5000. True or not, the Mirror announced in a 6 point whisper that Muir had resigned. When interviewed by rival papers, she is rumored to have stated, "Heavens, that's nothing! You should know about Paul Coates and his oil deals!" ONE is affectionately interested in these two because Miss Muir has given both the magazine and the Mattachine Society a below zero shoulder, and it was Mr. Coates who wrote that sensationally inaccurate column about the Mattachine several months back then refused to allow an interview or an answer of any kind. While the actual dishonesty of these persons is not yet legally proven, ONE has ample proof that they are unethical as far as repertorial behavior goes. It would seem that these hit-and-run artists have crashed head-on and the only persons to pick up the pieces are souvenir hunters.

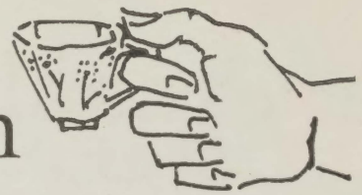
Those Mad Magazines

One of the things that the prosecutor hits hardest in a vag lewd trial is the asserted fact that the defendant "made a gesture that no normal person would make **even once.**" The reasoning seems to imply that a gay person need only sleep once with the opposite sex to become heterosexual. This view wouldn't last long before a jury but the gesture-that-no-normal-person-would-make-even-once seems to impress them, and the prosecutor pounds away at it as if he were teaching school. He usually gets his way. But it is encouraging to note that here and there popular magazines are questioning this **even once** idea. They do not always seem conscious that they are challenging a law and whole mode of social thinking, but they do it nevertheless. In **MEN, May 1953,** a Dr. Shailer Upton Lawton answers fifty sex questions and among them is: "Does one homosexual experience for a man, or one Lesbian experience for a woman, indicate homosexuality?" The answer was undoubtedly read by many jurors and prospective jurors who were impressed with Lawton's degree. Maybe they'll remember this the next time they sit in judgment on one of these here abnormals: "No. Dr. Kinsey has shown that some one third of all men have had homosexual experiences at some time, and most medical authorities indicate that the percentage among women is even higher." Of course, Kinsey didn't indicate anything of the sort about women; it is unfortunate that the former data might be invalidated to the average reader by the inaccuracy of the latter. The doctor goes on to say that "pansies" can't always be spotted: "May are rugged he-man types and others are normal looking, average men with nothing in their conduct or appearance to suggest homosexuality." This is all to the good—although pulp "authorities" often seem to have gotten their degrees from alphabet soup.

Jeff Winters

THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE WILL BE NOTHING BUT FICTION AND FUN! WE'VE SELECTED FIVE OF THE FINEST SHORT STORIES ON THE SUBJECT EVER TO COME OUR WAY. THEY'RE HILARIOUS AND MOVING, MAD AND TOUCHING . . . AND GAY, GAY, GAY! YOUR COPY WILL BE A COLLECTOR'S ITEM AND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION THE ONLY WAY OF BEING SURE YOU GET IT!

Deborah and Deviation



The same thing probably happened in your town. The morning after Deborah Kerr's new play opened, the most sensational sheets in Los Angeles blatted wildly the news that it was about that nasty old taboo, homosexuality. The more conservative ones dealt firmly with her performance and the rest refused to admit anything had opened last night at all. Their silence was thunderous. Consternation reigned.

It also reigned among those who saw the play, we must presume after reading a review. "Tea and Sympathy" by Robert Anderson might well bring the same wince as a play that those three words do as a title. It must be immediately conceded that the playwright's handling of the subject is of prime importance and that any plot, however excellent, can be reduced to ruins by a resume. Recite the plot of Hamlet and you'll both begin to wonder how it ever got produced.

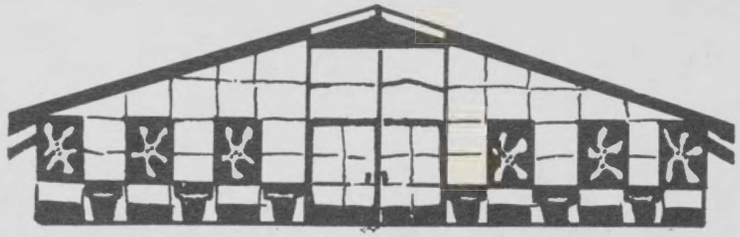
Nevertheless, we'd like very much to know the details of a plot which runs as follows. The boy, like all sensitive boys in plays, is seventeen and boards in one of those pits of perversion, a New England boys' school, where there is more than enough gloom to go around and sex is looked upon as an unfortunate weakness. Perhaps **this** school is bright and cheery but the story belongs in a room with no windows. The headmaster's wife discovers that he is a frustrated homosexual and that the boy is worried about being one himself. She very wisely parts from her tainted husband (even being frustrated is too much) and, in a gesture of panoramic self-sacrifice, seduces the adolescent "to make a man of him." She is successful. Noble gal: bet it was a **terrible** experience for her. It must have escaped her that if one seduction makes a man of a boy then years of living, with one's husband should logically make a superman of a man. From this newspaper sketch it is evident that the play is based upon the actually primitive assumption that you either are or you aren't. In spite of Kinsey's documented hypothesis of degree, in spite of logic, reason and humanity, you simply are or you aren't.

But what is almost as piquing is the evident self-satisfaction of all concerned with the production. They've been real sophisticates for dealing with such a nasty subject without using a single four-letter word. They've been "tolerant" and begged their enlightened audiences to look on this "abnormality" as not evil but illness. Oh, joy. Dandruff by any other name is still dandruff, and these "ill" persons are truly sick of being confronted with a patience that is as inaccurate as prejudice. To say that whites should not force themselves upon Negroes is merely a "civilized" way of saying Negroes should be kept in their place.

Aiding Miss Kerr to serve her sympathetic tea is Leif Erickson and John Kerr. Elia Kazan directed.

Minnie Peru

The Greenhouse



I didn't know what it was to remind me of at first. It was made of wood, like many buildings. As I passed by, the door was open, and I looked in. The shape of the building, considered with what I saw inside, reminded me of a greenhouse. Only why should it be made of wood? Something strange, and odd here. A greenhouse is glass, easy to see through. But still, there were the oddest looking flowers, exotic in a grotesque sort of way I thought. They had no odor, and I thought it was a shame really that such pretty flowers had no smell. They became lovelier to look at the longer I stared; as if in a trance. The flowers seemed to reach out and try to hold me close to them, in a kind of comradeship. Trying to excite my imagination. It made me restless and uneasy, and yes, afraid. My curiosity overcame my fear however, and I touched one. IT WAS PAPER. and I found to my amazement that it reeked with a foul smell, once I touched it. I left at once, puzzled, confused and bewildered. I vowed I'd never walk into the greenhouse again.

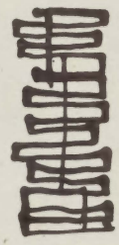
I met a friend who happened to mention the greenhouse. He asked me if I had ever noticed it. I told him of my unpleasant experience there. He explained more about the greenhouse to me. Not all of it, but enough to make me curious enough to break my vow and go there again with his guidance. I was surprised as we approached! The building was glass this time, as a greenhouse should be. I knew more about it now, perhaps that's why it was glass. I was looking at it a bit differently.

The flowers had become more beautiful, not grotesque at all anymore, I noticed as we entered. My friend seemed quite at home and convinced me that I had to stay longer if I wanted to smell the paper flowers as they really were. It wasn't long until I had become used to the odor of the flowers. I convinced myself that it was a lovely exotic smell, whether it was or not. It pleased me to smell the flowers then, and I realized that even on my first contact with the greenhouse and its contents that I was a part of it, and it a part of me. The foul smell that had come from the first flower upon that first contact was sweet to me now. And I had thought at one time that I could never bear to smell that odor again!

I am happy now, and know contentment. This wasn't so before I entered the greenhouse. I know that as long as I never leave the greenhouse, I shall continue to know that contentment. But, should I ever try to leave the greenhouse for good, it will be to no avail, and I shall only have to return. And if I stay away for any length of time I shall have to return not as an Orchid as I am now considered to be by many of the other flowers because of my youth, but as a ragweed. There are many ragweeds among us now. Ones that have left us, only to return at last, and others that have stayed here always, as I must, turning one day with age to a ragweed myself. That is my only regret, my only fear. The fear of age and of knowing that I too, will be a ragweed no longer looked upon by the beautiful flowers, but only by the other ragweeds.

—G. Stanley Hayden

Letters:



Dear Sir:

I was recently given a copy of your ONE by a friend of mine, and I was most interested to read it.

I am a homosexual, and am 32. Out here in Australia the position of the homosexual is a most difficult one, due to the extreme narrowness on the part of most individuals in the matter of sex. Even those discussing "normal" sex are sometimes regarded as filthy-minded or dominated by sex.

As a matter of fact, the part of sex in most people's minds is represented only by the sex act itself. Anything apart from this apparently has no meaning, or else is regarded as quite impossible.

Anyway, could you please tell me how to obtain copies of your publication ONE, and/or any other publication dealing with homosexuality (male)?

South Australia

Gentlemen: Inclosed a dollar bill pinned to my address label so that you will continue to send my copy of ONE via first class mail.

The statement that the business department of the magazine was facing the realities is a step in the right direction it seems to me. Now if the editorial department will only face the realities of our life, perhaps . . .

It is a reality that the activity of hx people (hx is a convenient symbol) is unpalatable to the average heterosexual person. For that reason, the heterosexual group — a truly overwhelming majority — will not accept overt hx behavior. Consequently any attempt to gain acceptance of the hx minority by the majority is flying in the face of reality.

On the other hand, the laws against sex are aimed at the population as a whole, so any attempt to reduce the laws against sex to a meaningful base is beneficial to all groups. It seems to me, therefore, that the aims of ONE should be to formulate minimal laws against sex crimes, and advocate their passage in the legislatures of the various states. For the rest, — well, let it go until objective number one is achieved. Then set up another goal.

ONE suffers from what I can only think of as editorial ineptitude. In the realm of fiction there are two kinds of writing — good and bad. On a scale from 0 to 100, the fiction ONE has published has been low indeed. It would be better for the magazine to go without fiction and poetry than to publish bad writing.

The article which the editors so blithely entitled HOMOSEXUAL MARRIAGE was intended to be a reductio ad absurdum of the aims of the magazine and the Mattachine Foundation; it was badly written in that it wasn't witty or biting, which may be why it was presented as a serious piece of work. (Or so I assumed from the editorial comments which accompanied it.)

While I am not at all in agreement with a psychiatrist friend and his attitude toward the solution of the hx individual's problem, I am quite in agreement with his statement

that, "Even though the rules are wrong, you can't break them!"

My aim is simple: "Let's change the rules." I wish you success in your effort to do that.

New York

Dear ONE,

I have just read my first issue of ONE, and send you my heartiest congratulations. I wish that more people would take such a forward outlook on such an important social problem, and that includes the Army (The most backward and old-fashioned of all). I would say more, but regulations prohibit me from getting involved and I don't want to be hung. Keep up the good work.

Enclosed is Five Dollars to cover a one year subscription cost. **PLEASE** send in a plain sealed envelope. I'm sure the Army would not appreciate such literature in the hands of their personnel irregardless of whether one is "gay" or not. I also request that my name not be used in case of publication of this lette. For obvious reasons . . .

PFC

Gentlemen:

I have hopes that ONE will become something like the now defunct Neurotica and Horizons although don't wish the same fate. It seems to me that to finance the magazine through the same means you accuse **Why, Coronet, Strength & Health, Mercury,** etc., of boosting sales will surely lead to collapse.

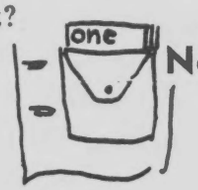
Saudi Arabia

Gentlemen:

Your latest issue—August—has an excellent cover (except for my objection to "scare headlines". I wrote that earlier letter you published in June signed D.H.), and the contents certainly awakens ones thoughts. However, my Mother (who is wise) and I object strenuously to the writer who said that being accepted would open up the necessity for equality in moral standards and marriage, etc. How ridiculous. To accept homosexuality and homosexuals in society would also mean accepting their way of living, which is promiscuous to say the least. There isn't, never has been, and can't be a long "marriage" between two men in which they remain faithful. They may live together for years, but one or the other cheats, and usually they tell each other about it. Admittedly they don't have to do anything socially unacceptable, such as cruise openly on the street, any more than female streetwalkers, but just as women flirt, so should men be able to do it and not get thrown in jail for it.

The situation here in N. Y. is getting worse, instead of better, with the elections coming along. Raids on gay bars, arrests on the beaches this summer, and cops chasing belles out of Sutton Place where they cruise in the evenings on the river's edge. But those who pay protection continue to thrive. Non-acceptance is what makes the whole thing crooked. That's what makes us poor security risks with the Army and State Dept.—but you know that as well as I do.

I wish the magazine fitted a little more easily into my side suit pocket—couldn't you shave an inch off its width, or make the margins inside wider so I could do it without losing the print?



New York

Gentlemen:

I have read the last two issues of your wonderful magazine. I like what you are doing. With the aid of many individuals you should be able to survive.

I have attended two meetings of the Mattachine Society here in San Francisco. The meetings are very helpful and I'm intending to become a member.

When I was asked what I would like to do; to help in the organization; it was suggested that I design a cover for ONE, which I have enclosed.

I hope that you like it and I would like to do more, if you wish. Enclosed, also, is a check for my subscription.

Keep up the good work and let me know if I can be of help.

San Francisco

Gentlemen:

As a subscriber to your magazine, which I find not only unusual but enlightening, I would like to add my views on the discussion of Edith Gwynn in the April issue, and her ilk of columnists who delight in making supposedly "smart talk" about the homosexuals.

I believe the arch-offender of such tactics is the self-righteous Mr. Walter Winchell, so-called dean of the columnists. For years he has reveled in such "smart talk" about the "limp-wrist set," "the lavender hill mob" etc., and for anyone who prides himself on defending the minorities, it makes him somewhat of a hypocrite. For all the good he might do in exposing the crime and corruption in this world, such attitudes towards the little people who are harming no one, other than appearing at "questionable" bars and public places, only shows the "little" side of his nature.

Inasmuch as recently during the Wechsler suit it has been brought out that even W. W. has made mistakes in the past, and is not the white washed character he pretends to be, all we can say is "give a guy enough rope and he'll hang himself." It was a little nauseating to see his semi-reversal on the Christine Jorgensen case, after giving her the usual treatment, when she contributed

NEED HELP WITH YOUR RESEARCH?

OH MY DARLING CLEM

A Colorado reader is doing a paper on deviation in the early West. He has heard that blue and red bandanas were worn around the wrist or neck to designate who was dancing the male and female parts at pioneer square dances when there weren't enough real gals to go around. He would like any similar data on such customs between 1830-1880.

GOMENASAI

A Georgia student would like to know where he can find information on homo customs among the medieval Samurai. In English, that is. And while we're at it: the Editors were at one time promised translations of classic Japanese tales about the ancient Samurai which include mono-gendered romances. The project never materialized. Does anyone else know where ONE could lay hands on these stories for our readers?

$5000 to the Cancer fund, but he had to get in his last word with voicing her "lisping" to him, "you've been a nawty, nawty boy too."

How can people respect the good a person might do when they reveal such a small and petty side of their nature? Some of Winchell's best friends must be homosexuals. How long are they safe from his vitriolicisms? I guess it depends on how important people they really are.

New York

Dear Sir:

Please forgive my impatience in writing about the August issue. It was received this morning. It is only because I like the magazine so much, and look forward to receiving it each month, in fact, on a particular day, that I am disappointed if it fails to arrive on time. Anyway, I have it, and it has been read from cover to cover. I also note that you have not yet received enough orders for the January and February issues to start printing. I do hope orders will come in promptly so that the books can be printed and sent out.

May I offer these comments on **ONE:** I like the 2 column arrangement. I would like to see more fiction. (I can spot one a Mile Away was excellent). Sometimes I think there is too much for the California reader. How about more of interest in Michigan, New York, etc.? It's a wonderful publication. I wish you every success. Each number is anticipated with the utmost enthusiasm. How about that new mystery novel you have just finished? Is it available? By whom was it published? Who is its author?

A prompt reply will be appreciated.

Lansing, Mich.

ABOUT THOSE FIRST TWO ISSUES: We announced long ago that there would be a special printing of the first two issues of **ONE** as soon as we had enough orders to cover the cost of negatives and plates, paper and printing, binding and mailing. The amount was set at 500. Today we have under 200 and several months have passed. There's only one thing to do. Please let us know if you'd prefer (1) your money back, (2) the cash held indefinitely until we get 500 orders because we're STILL printing it or (3) the amount applied to your subscription.

Dear Sirs:

Has not E.B.S. read "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" by Kinsey? Better still, does not E.B.S. have eyes as to what goes on about him (or her)?

Right now, in the U. S., **most** males do not consider that they "must be married to enjoy sexual intercourse," moral codes and state laws to the contrary. The trend being thus in the "normal world", and with females following closely behind in enjoying sexual freedom before marriage—cannot E.B.S. hear the creaking and straining of outmoded sex codes, which will surely crash to meet reality by his (or her) Utopia of 2053!

It seems preposterous to me to use a sexual behavior yardstick for present and future generations of homosexuals which does not even meet the needs and actions of most present day heterosexuals, much less their probable future needs.

However, I do not believe that the concept of marriage for the heterosexual family unit will go—nor would I want to see it go. I agree with E.B.S. on this point at least!

I would also be for the legalized marriage of homosexuals who desire this. And, I am one who desires this. But, E.B.S.'s naivete regarding heterosexual chastity before mar-

riage astounds me. This concept, which has been forced upon the unwilling heterosexuals for the protection of women and children is even less applicable to the situation of the homosexual. What, precisely, is so irrelevant about the fact that homosexuals do not reproduce? Marriage as an institution is mostly for the protection and rearing of children and the protection and consolidation of property. To homosexuals who have no children, marriage can only have the same meaning as it does to childless heterosexual couples: namely — the emotional and spiritual satisfaction that it gives them to be recognized and accepted as a unit— and the economic advantages that marriage has. E.B.S. has a fine point that legalized marriage should be a primary aim of the Society—but, what's wrong with it's being on a "for-those-who-want-it" basis? Even the heterosexuals don't have a law which says they must get married one and all!

With the recognition of homosexuals, there need be no "legalizing of promiscuity". This has always depended upon the individual himself, hetero or homo. Individual morality is not law enforceable. Outlawed as we are (and I can only speak for the women) I do not believe that the majority of us are promiscuous. We have generally the same concepts of decency and fidelity to our "spouses" as the heterosexuals. (After all, they raised us). I do not agree with the implicit assumption in the article that because we are sexual deviants that we are per se promiscuous. What kind of homosexual people does E.B.S. know? I know two pairs of Lesbians who have been "married" for fifteen years, and at least six pairs who have been "married" (—"for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health—") for periods ranging from three to ten years. What is E.B.S.'s definition of promiscuous? Two to infinity? If the sex laws against us were all wiped off the books tomorrow, we would not become a promiscuous people by reason of that fact. Just as, conversely, centuries of sex laws against the heterosexuals have not stopped a certain amount of promiscuity, adultery, and prostitution.

The marriage problems E.B.S. brings up are interesting, even though they do seem to be predicated upon a static view of the functions of husbands and wives. You will undoubtedly receive a flood of mail on this one paragraph alone. One thing is for sure though—E.B.S. has given us food for months of thought.

Los Angeles

Dear One:

We in America need a deuteronomy, a return to the law. All our troubles can be traced to our violations of the constitution;

A confusion, evident in the letters we receive, makes it necessary again to make clear the relationship of ONE and the Mattachine Society. These are two entirely separate corporations which function independently. While they naturally share basic principles, their differences as a Society and a magazine are clear in both type of activity and manner of approach. ONE heartily commends the work of the Society and hopes the feeling is mutual, but insists upon being recognized as a separate entity.

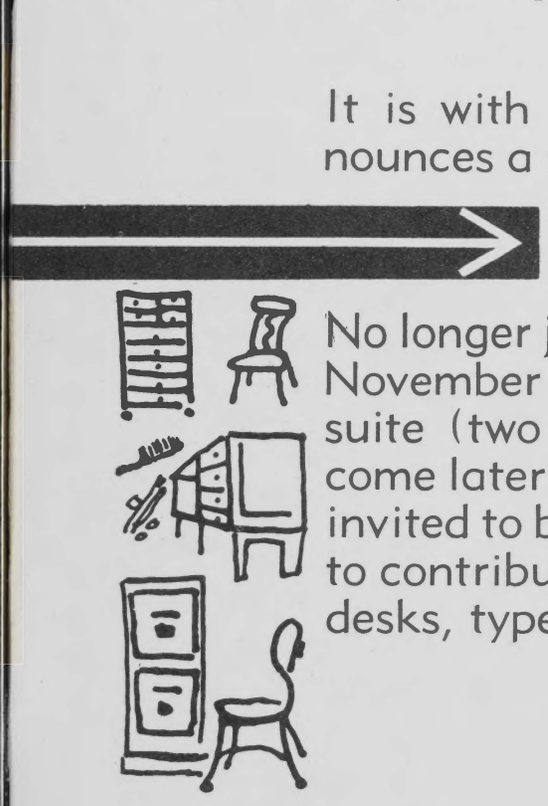
and if only we will regard the constitution, pay our elected officials better wages and exert ourselves as the citizens the constitution contemplates our being, we shall thrive and live in peace as never before.

One and its friends have a special interest in the constitution's faithful observance. Article VI, paragraph 3, provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust and Article I of the amendments prohibits an establishment of religion. You and your friends, whenever you are persecuted by officials under legal pretext, are afflicted by reason of somebody's determination to write religion into the law. There is not one law to which you are obnoxious that was not put in the statute books from a religious motive—and in violation of the constitution.

No more than anybody else has a policeman a right to do anything unlawful. It is the right and duty of the policeman, as it is the right and duty of every citizen (and the policeman has oftener occasion) to say, "This thing is in accord with the constitution and this other thing is not." Constitutionality is not a thing that must always be carried to the supreme court before it can be decided. The constitution requires the lowest civil-service messenger to swear or affirm that he will support the constitution: it logically follows that the constitution is understandable by a person of ordinary attainments.

Our constitution is written in the plainest language and is remarkably simple and consistent. There is no excuse for the policeman who panders to that element in the citizenry which tries to make the government enforce church law.

It is the policeman's responsibility that he arrest only such persons as are guilty of behavior proscribed by a constitutionally sound law—and of course there are many



It is with pride and pleasure that ONE announces a new address:

232 South Hill Street

No longer just a post box, the magazine moves November first into a downtown Los Angeles suite (two rooms, one window: the phone will come later). Visitors are heartily welcome and invited to bring any office furniture they'd like to contribute. We need chairs, drawing tables, desks, typewriters and the like.

laws on the statute books' pages that will not stand a constitutional test. The policeman has promised to support the constitution: he must not enforce an unconstitutional law. **(No, the officer is required to carry out the letter of the law regardless of constitutionality. The Editors).**

When a policeman enforces an unconstitutional law it is not the state that is responsible for the wrong done: the state can not do anything illegal. Anything illegal that is done is done on the responsibility, the personal responsibility, of some person. We who cherish our freedom should take steps to visit condign punishment upon such individuals.

One's friends are, in a way, the nation's best citizens, and they have, as salesmen and missionaries say, a talking point. All men eat, ultimately, from nature's bounty; and despite man's every artifice (marshes' reclamation, better husbandry, the seas' wealth's harvest, irrigation and all such), nature's bounty has limits. Every increase in population adds a burden upon that ever-precarious bounty—and **One's** readers are characterized, one may safely presume, by their comparative refrainance from the population's undue increase. **(Please include also One's heterosexual, childless readers. The Editors).**

As a here-and-now proposal, as an example of the practical approach, how much could **One's** readers do toward financing a business which would afford one of their number a living? How many would contribute toward such a scheme? How much would they give? On the other hand, how many are positioned to take such a job if it were created?

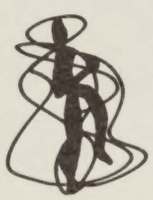
Bad as the situation is, there is hope. You have many friends. Don't be too ready to assume that you are in a minority. Do you think you have any monopoly on intelligence? Whatever you have learned that is true, other people may have learned the same lesson; and those who don't know the truth are usually eager to have it told them. Don't you believe for a minute that other logical questions long and intensive study. Don't be astonished if you find out that other people have totted up the same column of figures that has engaged your interest and have come up with the same total that you got.

Your format sets my teeth on edge: I'm for thinner paper and less violent display. But perhaps the fashionable blatancy has come to stay.

In any case you have my every good wish: the subjects you touch upon are pertinent.

Bishop, Calif.

(While ONE has high ideals, it also would like to become solvent. The "blatant" issues sell better. There is an alternative however: it's described in this issue. Are you a member? The Editors).



There's more demand than supply on that controversial August issue. The few remaining copies are fifty cents. We suggest haste.

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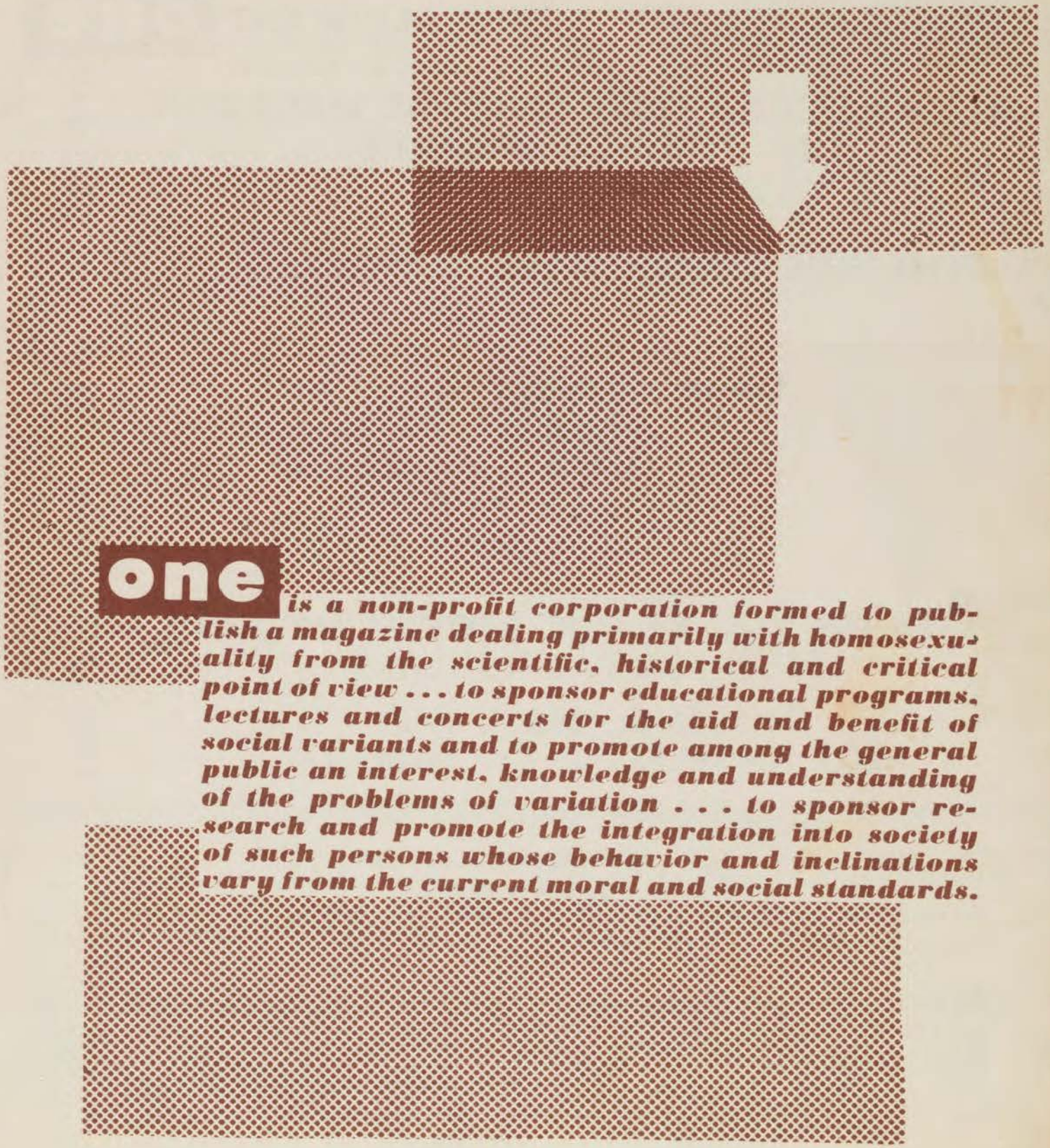
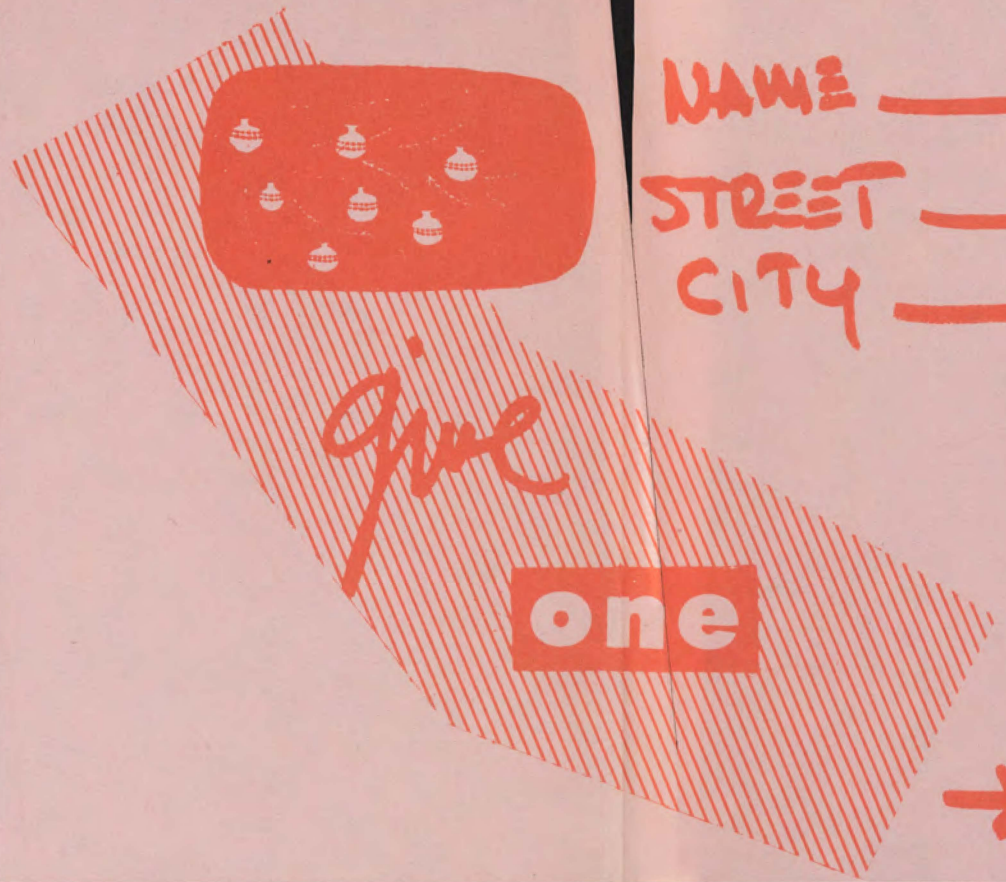


one *is a non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from the current moral and social standards.*



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